

Vol 14 #2 March 1922

THE CAMOSUN



THE CAMOSUN

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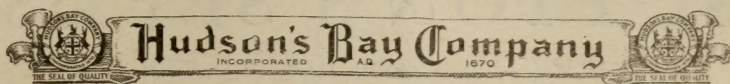
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Victoria, B. C.

The CAMOSUN

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The Princess and the Peacock

THIS is a fairy tale. Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a most beautiful princess. Her name was Idelpha, which, as her father, now dead, poor king, had oftimes told her signified protection from the wiles of selfish and untrue love. Kind, clement, beloved alike by idle courtier and hard-worked peasant, she lived alone. No person suffered injustice in her realm and woe betide the pompous noble who dared to defraud her husbandmen of a single peck of corn. They were the ones to care for her, those sturdy tillers of the soil. In war time they left plough and thatch-roofed cottage, bustled about their rustless arms and hastened to the castle court, each aware of the other's thought—"protect the princess." In peace, they played games of endurance and strength for her, whilst the womenfolk cleverly trod the intricate measures of their national country dances. Every Autumn they brought basket upon basket of accurately-grown fruits to the royal cooks, and the reddest grapes, and luscious sugar plums were presented to please her palate and tint her cheeks with the delicate bloom of the early, pale crimson rose.

And oh, she was wealthy. Rubies, pearls, diamonds, sapphires, amethysts and emerald jade lay scattered in opulent confusion through garden and hall, as if the beautiful princess had spent a child's holiday robbing many beaches of every pretty stone, shell and seaside bauble. Even, whimsical as it may seem, her very mansion rested upon glittering, highly-polished silver foundations, and her forefathers had built the monstrous battlements of rough-hewn virgin gold, countless feet in width, and on them were executed, with all the craft of Pergessi, the witch-maker, fantastic elfin designs of multi-colored mother-o'-pearl, obtainable only in the sunken vales of Avilion. What raiment she had! Fancies of a poppy-dreaming genius. Hardly a day passed by without some cunningly woven cloth of interlacing velvets or hand-wrought silks being transformed into a flimsy, joyous robe, and all were washed in the choicest essence that a school of profound alchemists could devise. Her peacocks spread their gorgeous tails, ever so much like miniature rainbows on earth, beneath the sea-green foliage of ancient cedars; and her horses, with snow-white manes, pranced in the nearby wild-flower meadows, vivacious models of wholesome grace. As for the entrances, the stairways and chambers of the palace, well, they were simply marvels of—but we have a life to live!

The princess controlled the destinies of hordes of fat-laced domestics, and tall, handsome men-at-arms, graciously compensated for meeting her most trivial inclination or effacing with a good twelve inches of steel, the slightest charge touching her honor.

Yet, and the pity of it, the beautiful princess became so very, very unhappy. The reason—she had no lover; and every girl, if the

story books be reliable, must cherish some time or other at least one love, for one has not lived if one has not loved, they say. Thus she appeared, a maiden who possessing all, possessed nothing. Time found her keenly resenting the mockery of her position and desirous of a peasant girl's gay license in affairs of the heart. She became listless, barely touched the red grapes and luscious sugar plums, and the roses fled in puzzled haste from her cheeks. The royal leeches, becoming alarmed, confiscated for miles around every particle of ambrosical purple dew and queen-bee wax whose compound, they said, held the puissant cure for those ills unknown to their science. But still the princess pined and at last took to bed, wan, tired and feeble.

Then people pondered, shook their heads, sighed and said: "The end comes, a good woman passes from the earth. Woe are we! She is the last of her father's line. What will become of us all?"

How pitiful it was to see the princess now! Eyelids, as dark as their lashes, immured in sombre shadow lifeless eyes, and the thinness of her face bespoke starvation, though baskets of the favored fruits were within easy reach of her infirm hands, and her bloodless lips parted in trembling little smiles as she fingered a solitary dawn-hued daffodil.

* * * * *

A graceful, splendid creature was Mioga, the darling peacock of the dying princess. Yet his tail was not so fancifully brilliant, nor as large, as many another royal bird. However, his mistress loved him well with something more perfect than a passing whim. The eyes, perhaps, pleased her, for they were sad, dreamy eyes, in all their smallness, as if portals to a suffering soul. Then again, Mioga owned a voice of mellow, simple notes, incompatible with the forlorn cluckings of his fellows.

Mioga paused in his quiet carol, left the sunbeams and shadows beneath the twisted briar to endure their struggles unobserved, and slowly retraced his way to the haven of the orchid grounds. There he could muse alone, and wonder why the princess did not come to fondle him and listen, dreaming as he sang. All these days she had been absent, and Mioga was tired, and so very lonesome. He almost desired in the face of hope the other life that had been his in the realms of Unknown Things. There he had had unreasonable happiness, he and the swan bird. Such games they had played! And such songs they had sung! Such fantasies their capricious imaginations had created! How fast had sped the years purified by such vivid, rapturous delights!

But the end had come. The swan bird was called to the mystic country of the Unseen Master, and left him to dark broodings and doubts. Keenly he recalled her return to their own little secret garden. She was weeping bitterly and it frightened him.

And how he had comforted her as she said: "We part now, dear peacock. I go to a place called the earth, where mortals are born,

live and die, without those joys which have been ours." Then he had felt sorry, wept some, too, although stoutly replying: "I go with thee."

At that the swan bird had smiled, just a sad little smile, and said, "It cannot be. On earth they have a thing called age. I shall be born, live and die before thou hast left this, our home. The Master told me so."

Nothing could be done if their Master had commanded such an exile. Sick, he groaned: "Must thou, then, become an evil earthly goblin, foul-mouthed, sinful, a debaucher, a slayer of those weaker than thyself?"

"Ah, no, the Master was gracious," he heard; "I enter the earth ever so small and grow, and grow, and grow, and soon become a—woman, he said, and wear things called silks.

She had vanished as they stood together.

Then, indeed, the peacock suffered an existence of elfin misery. Sluggishly the years moved on; nor did they abate the burning of poignant memories in the breast of the lonely bird.

Time brought about strange happenings. The peacock lost his soft feathers and beautiful voice. The whole long day he crouched, heart-broken, in the secret garden, silent and alone. But the Master knew, and through the cloudless night came and brought sympathy in dreams.

The kingly Apparition spoke, "Fie, silly peacock! Why dost thou resent destiny? Why question my will? I am displeased, and would punish thee. Go, then, to earthly wretchedness. Seek thy swan."

The peacock slept in easeless slumber, to awake in the strange dawn of a new world. He lay surrounded by the prettiest of flowers, and on every side strutted, in the shade of ancient cedars, hordes of other peacocks with gorgeous tails, just like his own. Nearby, white-maned horses galloped in wild-flower meadows.

From that day on man knew Mioga.

* * * * *

The little people of the orchid grounds would brook no wretched misfortune or dull despair within the four jewelled boundaries of their domain. They saw the leaden eyes of Mioga, heard his labored sobs, and gathered outraged, many thousands of them, to hold counsel. No mawkish bird could come reeling through the garden entrance, disturbing the quietude of uniform content, and remain unmolested. It shouldn't be allowed, and by the sun-kissed tip of the tiger lily, it wouldn't be allowed! They climbed the stalks of neighboring flowers and sang joyous songs, sweet and low.

"How mournfully the wind shifts through the grasses," said Mioga.

They dug down deep into hidden pouches, and held the stolen sweets of nameless blossoms right under his nose.

"Bah! Buttercup stench," said Mioga.

By calyx, but this was annoying! They scratched their little heads, and angrily buried little toes in twilight moss. Something had to be done, and quickly, too, or else a precedent would be established, and the government simply couldn't stand for that. In the midst of their perplexity a small, still voice whispered into the ear of each, "Steal the giant feathers."

Jumping up, they harnessed all their beetles and ants, made fast the three longest plumes with countless spider-web chains of larkspur length, then heaved and pulled, and, shrieking madly, scrambled over each other and beat the frenzied beetles and ants in their haste to loose themselves from a peacock which, without the least provocation, arose a man.

* * * * *

Stern sentinels, stalwart nobles of the household guard, shrewdly craned rigid necks to eye the handsome youth who, richly attired, and with the step and demeanor of one experienced in victorious warfare, approached the castle threshold. Their captain stood ready with pointed lance to challenge and question the stranger e'er he so much as placed a foot on the lowest regal step.

The challenge came, "Who art thou, friend? and name thy mission."

"I am Mi——, I am Prince Charming; Warden in the Prison of the Sun, Armorer of Spring in her Conquests of Winter, come from afar to see with mine own eyes the princess, Idelpha, of whose beauty I have heard much. I pray thee, lead me to thy royal mistress."

The captain answered, "Thy wish is thy command, O Prince. Come, see our beautiful princess—now most grievously ill."

Then through the enchanting maze of imperial apartments, the captain guided Prince Charming. At length, after the ascent of numberless staircases and passing through deep-rugged galleries, the captain took his leave, and soft-voiced courtiers announced to the princess the appearance of royalty.

He entered and stood enchanted. Such loveliness could not be! Men had lied to him when they said she was beautiful. She was divine. He felt weak. Something surged through his breast and threatened to ravage his brain.

"Oh!"

"Oh!" she, too, whispered, with tenderness born of the love of those far-off, happy days. Her eyes shone fiercely radiant, and both small hands groped among the red, red grapes and luscious sugar plums.

And the swan bird and her peacock lived happily forever and forever afterwards.

In Memoriam

HARRY CROSS

DIED, JANUARY 30, 1922

ST. DOMENIC MACNAUGHTON HEYLAND

DIED, JANUARY 19, 1922

NOT all the heroes of the Great War sleep across the seas. To some, indeed, it was given to fall amid the epic clamor of battle; others have been permitted to come back, maimed or wholly unscathed, to take up again, as best they can, the tangled skein of existence; while for still others it was decreed that they should return, broken in body and often in mind, to spend the poor allotment of their days among scenes filled with poignant memories of happiness and carefree youth. Two such names we would honor by this frail memorial—Harry Cross, one of the most promising students who ever graduated from our school, prominent in debating and literary circles during his years here; and Dono Heyland, a talented student who distinguished himself as an athlete not only at the High School, but also throughout the city. Both boys went overseas as soon as they were old enough, and both returned to pay the price of heroic deeds and high sacrifice in lingering illness and ultimately in death. With the strange waywardness of Fate, the two lads died within a few days of each other. But when a memorial comes to be erected to the honor of those of this school who poured out their blood as an offering, some fairer block of the marble, some more imperishable bit of the bronze, will alone be worthy to enshrine their names and memory. May the example of their devotion and exalted heroism never perish from the lives of all those who come after them.

"So be my passing!

My task accomplished, and the long day done,

My wages taken; and in my heart

Some late lark singing,

Let me be gathered to the quiet West,

The sundown splendid and serene,

Death!"

—W. E. Henley



EDITORIAL

IF MONTHS of constant, careful practice determine approbation and captivate attention from an amusement-seeking public, then tonight the Play's the thing, or its nearest possibility. The Matric organization is to be congratulated for its manifestations of spirit and courage in reviving a former school activity, which on account of carelessness, apathy, or for some less questionable reason, has been discontinued by a protracted series of previous senior classes. You do not know, nor would you realize, the difficulties that menace the unaffected optimism of amateurish performers lightly versed in the English classics. Theatricals, at best, are but imprudent opportunities to gain financial satisfaction or win celebrity, be it great or small, and are scarcely deserving of the long dismal sessions that fill some part of every day in many weeks and months. Yet the school players have been through it all and are entitled to your support. They have enriched leisure moments with the pleasantries of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," abandoned portions of their social life, or that gladness which only the campus can offer, and, perhaps, for all we know, neglected salient necessities of their academic careers, with but one purpose: to gratify us. They have learned right well the significance and could graphically explain the meaning of the rough, undressed word, work, for they have lived the tediousness of rehearsals, discovered the virtue of patience in the monotony of repetition; striven, and striven hard, to master the mimicry of voice and gesture, and trampled with the utmost determination every inborn desire to procrastinate. If work is really the key to success, then let us, through the medium of our editorial, be the first to congratulate them,—they have success, have fitted the key, opened the door and, with immeasurable anticipation, are just about to peep into the garden of recompense and knowledge of good things done. And why shouldn't they be successful? They have youth, live in youth's glamor, and know its ambitions. They have poise, intuition, and are the possessors of compliant mentalities. Above all, they have been aided by accurate coachmanship. And so, after the passing of a good six years, our old auditorium is again destined to tremble at the tread of many feet,

to dull its plaster conscience by the hearing of a few round oaths, and giggle like any girl and find relief as it adds coy little ballads to its dreary repertoire of memorized psalms. Bringing our people, let us all be there; the best of us, to find enjoyment and bestow rightly-earned admiration; the worst, the sceptics, though it be only to give some flimsy exhibition of school spirit. Oh, the Play's the thing!

* * * * *

The student body extends to the new teachers its sincerest, deferential welcome, and trusts they experience no great discomfort in the change of educational systems, but find their positions pleasant ones, their pupils considerate, even zealous, and the climate—well, all the Victoria climate is said to be.

* * * * *

For five or six consecutive nights we neglected food, sleep and study in a vain endeavor to hammer out sufficient editorials to fill several pages. It wasn't possible. Either the ink wouldn't flow, or our mentality had deserted the old ivory homestead. If we wrote once, we wrote six thousand times something like this: "On the first Friday of March, the students celebrated loud—" or "We are not inquisitive, but would some kind-hearted teacher enlighten us as to what became of last year's Memorial Fund?" We could get no further, and time sped by without another word being added to change our first and seemingly final attempts from couplets to epics. So, we beg your pardon, and promise you the fulfilment of our duty in the next and concluding issue of the year.

Who leave their seats with leap and bound
And dash and scamper all around
Soon as the noon-time bell doth sound?
Prelims!

Who, tearing down from all the floors,
Reach in a mass the lunchroom doors,
Pushing aside poor Seniors?
Prelims!

Who hasten in with running feet,
And occupy 'most every seat,
And get the best of things to eat?
Prelims!

While poor Matrics look round and sigh,
Sadly to find a seat do try,
Who look on, with triumphant eye?
Prelims!

We Juniors scarce the wrong can bear,
To do such things we'd never dare.
Oh! We were gentle when we were—

Prelims (?)

—By a poor Junior.



In the spring a young man's fancy—

Shakespeare's "As You Like It"

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Duke Senior, living in banishment	- - - - -	Charles Ballard
Duke Frederick, his brother, usurper of his dominions	-	Ivor Parfitt
Amiens	- } Lords attending on the banished	- } Fred Maywood
Jaques	- } Duke in the forest.	- } Bal. Straith
Le Beau, courtier attending upon Frederick	- - -	Donald Sinclair
Charles, wrestler to Duke Frederick	- - - - -	Tom Sturgess
Oliver	{ Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys {	Wellwood Marchbank
Orlando		Chisholm Fraser
Adam, old manservant to Oliver and Orlando	- - -	William Brakes
Touchstone, jester at Frederick's court	- - -	Benny McMillen
Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar	- - - - -	Arthur Plows
Corin	{ Shepherds {	Ben Sivertz
Sylvius		Joseph Gosse
William, a country fellow, in love with Audrey	- - -	Cecil Lewis
1st Lord	{ Attending on the banished duke {	- } Percy Noel
2nd Lord		- } Noel Collinson
Rosalind, later, in disguise, known as Ganymede—daughter to the Duke Senior	- - - - -	Noreen Keown
Celia, later, in disguise, known as Aliena—daughter to Duke Frederick	- - - - -	Marguerite Wilkinson
Phebe, a shepherdess	- - - - -	Marjorie Ballard
Audrey, a country wench	- - - - -	Lorna Jones

SYNOPSIS

"Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts"

ACT I.—Court of Frederick

- Scene 1—Oliver's garden. Orlando complains of ill treatment at the hands of Oliver, who plots his destruction by Charles, a wrestler.
- Scene 2—Frederick's garden. Celia attempts to cheer Rosalind and is assisted by Touchstone. Orlando wrestles with Charles and trips up the wrestler's heels and Rosalind's heart both in an instant.
- Scene 3—Frederick's garden. Rosalind banished by her tyrannical uncle. Celia plans a method of escape and flight into the Forest of Arden.
- Scene 4—Oliver's garden. Adam warns Orlando of Oliver's plot against his life, and declares his loyalty and affection for his young master.

ACT II.—"Well, this is the Forest of Arden"

- Scene 1—In which we are introduced to Duke Senior, his lords and the sweet uses of adversity.
- Scene 2—Touchstone, Ganymede and Aliena arrive in the Forest of Arden, hear of a pitiful pastoral amour, and enter upon negotiations for the purchase of a farm.

Scene 3—Duke Senior hears from Jaques of a motley number of gentlemen, a worthy fool, one that hath been a courtier. Orlando arrives in the forest, interrupts the tranquil scene and demands food for Adam.

ACT III.—Still in the Forest of Arden

Scene 1—Orlando scatters love songs indiscriminately in which Rosalind is deified. Touchstone puts Corin through a courtly catechism, Ganymede and Aliena enjoy strange fruit from the trees of the forest, Orlando meets Ganymede who undertakes to cure him of his love if he will come every day to her cottage, feign that she is his own Rosalind and woo her.

Scene 2—Touchstone woos Audrey, and to the amusement of cynical Jaques, urges her to marry him.

Scene 3—Ganymede bewails the fickleness of her lover and hears that elsewhere, too, the course of true love does not run smooth.

Scene 4—In which we see a pageant truly played between the pale complexion of true love and the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, and in which the haughty shepherdess, Phebe, learns "the wounds invisible that love's keen arrows make."

ACT IV.—Forest of Arden

Scene 1—Jaques seeks more acquaintance with Ganymede and Orlando arrives an hour late at a rendezvous.

Scene 2—Sylvius brings Ganymede a strange message and Oliver relates the extraordinary tale of his arrival in the forest and his rescue of Orlando from a most dangerous plight.

ACT V.—We are not yet out of the wood

Scene 1—Touchstone will abide no rivalry in the affairs of love.

Scene 2—Orlando, "half sick of shadows," can no longer live by thinking. Ganymede can no longer "serve his turn" for Rosalind, so professes magical power, promises to set all right and bring him his true Rosalind tomorrow.

Scene 3—Gaymede's pledge redeemed.

"And therefore take present time,
With a hey, and ho, and a hey nonino,—
For love is crowned with the prime
In Springtime."

EPILOGUE—"I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please."

During the intervals in the play, Miss Mary Middleton and Mr. Waddington will sing Shakespearian songs, and Miss Dorothy Deane will play a pianoforte solo.

NOREEN KEOWN (Rosalind)

Member of Matric A, and a reporter for The Camosun.

BENJAMIN J. McMILLEN
(Touchstone)

Benny will long be remembered as a rugby and basketball star, president of Matric E, a prefect, and lieutenant in the cadets.

BALFOUR STRAITH (Jaques)

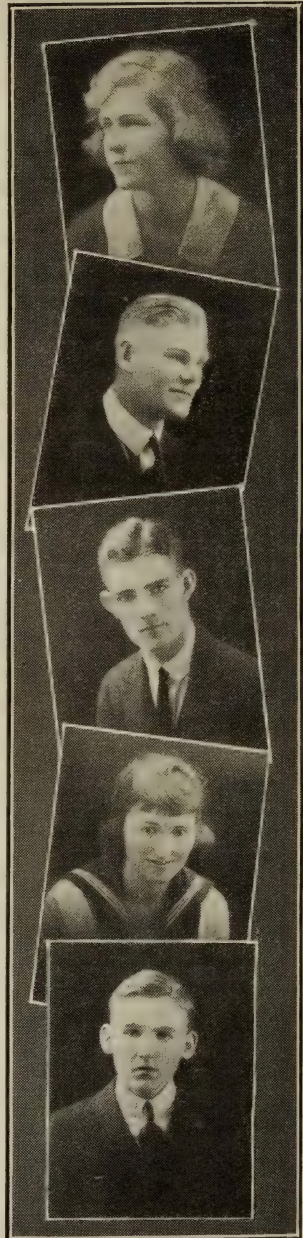
President of Matric A; Senior Rugby for 2 years, and Ice Hockey for 3 years, and member of The Camosun Business Committee.

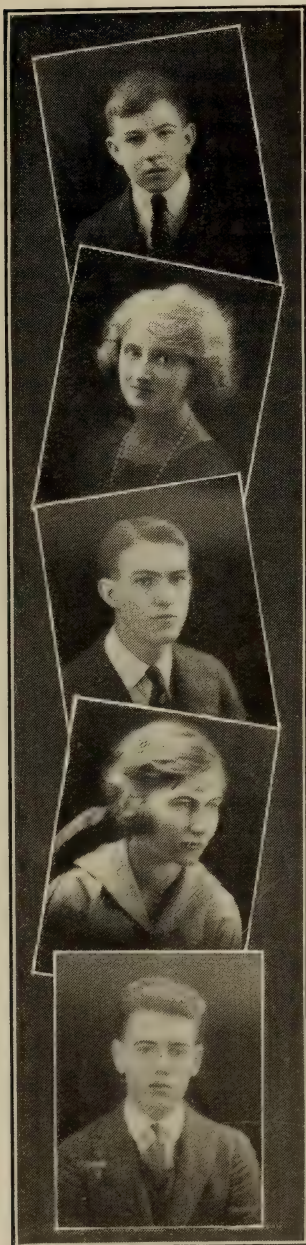
MARGUERITE WILKINSON (Celia)

Member of Matric B, for some time President of Portia; a leading spirit among ladies in athletics.

WELLWODD MARCHBANK (Oliver)

Member of Matric E, who is a prominent man in Beta Delta circles.





CHISHOLM FRASER (Orlando)

Member of Matric A, and until quite recently Treasurer of the Beta Delta.

MARJORIE BALLARD (Phebe)

Member of Matric A, and energetic President of the Portia Debating Society.

JOSEPH GOSSE (Sylvius)

Member of Matric E, one of the "Big Five," of the basketball squad and the senior rugby team.

LORNA JONES (Audrey)

Member of Matric A, and of The Camosun staff.

CHARLES P. BALLARD (Duke Sr.)

Member of Matric E (Science) and Y.M.C.A., as a surveyor in the summer he startles the uninitiated aborigines with the query: "Who's got their homework done?"

A POETICAL SPRING EFFUSION

How small a thing may set the mind aglow!

Who of those responsible for the interesting industry and its even more interesting products by which the northwestern corner of the school grounds were transformed—who of these, or of all those who approached the school from that angle, aye, or from any angle whatsoever, and sensed the miracle of transformation in the air (so did its presence flood the fields of ether)—who of all these, we ask again, could even in his most sanguine moments, have foreseen that, arising from this Gehenna of the V.H.S., there should flow forth a clear fountain of Hippocrene, whence bards might quaff inspiration and loose their golden tongues? But be that as it may, the miracle is here; dross refined to gold, common window pane became Venetian crystal, garbage made poetry. As evidence we wish to present our readers one or two fragments from a very large body of poetical composition, hoping that the heart may be stirred and the eyes gush out with tears at the memory of that which gave these lyrics birth:

“O, Sea Gull! Whither wanderest thou,
Thy glistening wings outspread?”
“I go to seek the High School grounds,”
The bird, replying, said.

“And wherefore flyest thou there, O bird!
To seek for food of worms?”
“O no! I like bacteria
And little pink-skinned germs.”

The katsup from the steamer's deck,
Fried chicken, chunks of ham,
Cannot surpass the dainties found
Within a salmon can.

The City Council's patriarchs
Have made (by work prolific)
A “Sea Gull's Happy Hunting Ground,”
The best on the Pacific.

ODE TO THE DEAD MULE

The horse is dead—his soul has fled,
To some ethereal plane
Where garbage reigns as king supreme
And seraphs comb his mane.

He liveth a life of perfect bliss,
Beside yon hollow stump—

The "seat of learning" on his left,
And on his right, the dump.

The monarch of the garbage heap
Now sleeps—by night winds chilled,
Perfumes around him float of cats
Destructively distilled.

The gulls which float around his head,
The germs which o'er him run,
The ashes, tea leaves, speak to me
Of something that is gone.

The garbage at my feet doth tell
A tale with fragrant breath;
I reel and stagger as I stand—
Where is thy sting, O Death!

A MERE INCIDENT

This was no ordinary night for little Chan Wo. Tonight he was to receive his first month's wage from the little English lady for whom he worked. Tonight he would put it all on the Fan-tan board and place all his hopes in the "tip" which he received from the old, grey-bearded, gambling expert, Wong.

As he walked towards his mistress' house, where he was to receive his money, his soul was filled with hate and with hope. He hated San Francisco. He hated the white people whom he passed in the light of the electric street lamps. Far more than these he hated those Chinese boys, with whom he had lodged in a den in the Chinese quarter—especially those older boys of fourteen and sixteen who jeer at him because of his poverty and deride him for his weakness. Oh, that he might be lucky; deliver himself from the realm of pots and pans and go away somewhere—anywhere, that he might be away from those cruel, despicable den mates. His heart leaped with hope, and a smile suffused his quaint, gaunt, little countenance as he bounded up the steps and rang the doorbell. Steps came towards the door; it was opened, and

"Too bad, Chan Wo," said the little English lady. "Bank-ee havem holiday today, no money."

Chan Wo turned and made for the steps.

"Stay; have something to eat, Chan Wo."

"No, t'ank you," said Chan Wo, over his shoulder. He could not let her see his tears. He trudged his way back to the den in the quarter and there, all through the night, he wracked his little frame with heart-broken sobs. Indeed, it had been no ordinary night for Chan Wo.

—PAUL SPRINKLING.



THE last meeting of Portia for the old year took the form of a very enjoyable social at which games were the chief amusement. At the close, refreshments said to be delicious, were served, but owing to the mad rush made on them by the Prelims, we senior members failed to sample any of these delicacies.

Our first meeting for the new year was held in the library on Wednesday, January 11th, with Marguerite Wilkinson in the chair. This meeting was devoted to the nomination and election of officers for the new term, the successful candidates being: President, Marjorie Ballard; Vice-President, Marguerite Wilkinson; Secretary, Laurine Gibson; Matric Representative, Muriel Bowes; Junior Representative, Nan Forbes; Prelim Representative, Peggy Humber.

On Wednesday, January 18th, the programme for the afternoon took the form of an interesting and clever reading by Marguerite Wilkinson, the title of the piece being "Number Fifty-six." Miss Ballard, our worthy President, then created much enthusiasm by presenting a plan for the increase of our membership. This plan suggested that five points be allotted to each student bringing us a permanent member.

The programme for Wednesday, January 25th, consisted of the first debate of the new year, the subject being: "Resolved, That Small High Schools and Colleges are More Beneficial than Larger Ones." The affirmative was upheld by Muriel Bowes and Peggy Humber, and the negative by Margaret Green and Alice Eldridge. Although all four speakers did well, the judges, Mr. Haverstock and Miss Eaton, gave the decision in favor of the negative. Mr. Haverstock then spoke a few words, congratulating the speakers on their fine work, stating that negative had obtained more matter than their opponents, but that the delivery of the affirmative was excellent.

On Wednesday, February 11th, the speaker of the afternoon was Nan Forbes, who gave us an interesting and humorous talk on "Bobby

Burns, the Ploughboy Poet." During her speech she enlightened us as to the early life of the writer, and told how the dreams of his youth were shattered on the death of his first love, "Highland Mary." Miss Forbes also described to us the many excellencies of "haggis," a delectable dish seemingly made up of oatmeal, onions and the lining of a sheep's stomach. Jessie MacDonald presided at this meeting in the absence of the President.

On Wednesday, February 8th, Mr. Rush, a new member of the High School staff, gave us an eloquent address on "Schools of Other Lands," speaking particularly of the schools of Scotland. He told us of the courses of study in these schools, of the method used to impress important facts on the mind of the pupils, and of how the hospitals were maintained by the students of the city. Mr. Rush also told us of the great advantage which European students have over us, since they are continually surrounded by scenes of historical interest. These were only a few of the points emphasized in this highly interesting address. At the close the President expressed her appreciation to Mr. Rush on behalf of the Portia for his very instructive talk.

On Wednesday, February 15th, the programme took the form of an Inter-Year Debate: "Resolved, That Oriental Immigration Should be Restricted." Owing to the illness of one upholder of the negative the sides were limited to one speaker each. The Juniors were upheld by Laurine Gibson, who took the affirmative; and the Prelims by Eleanor McLeod, who supported the negative. Although Miss McLeod ably upheld her side of the question, Miss Gibson's arguments proved the stronger, and the Misses A. and J. Macleod, who kindly acted as judges, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

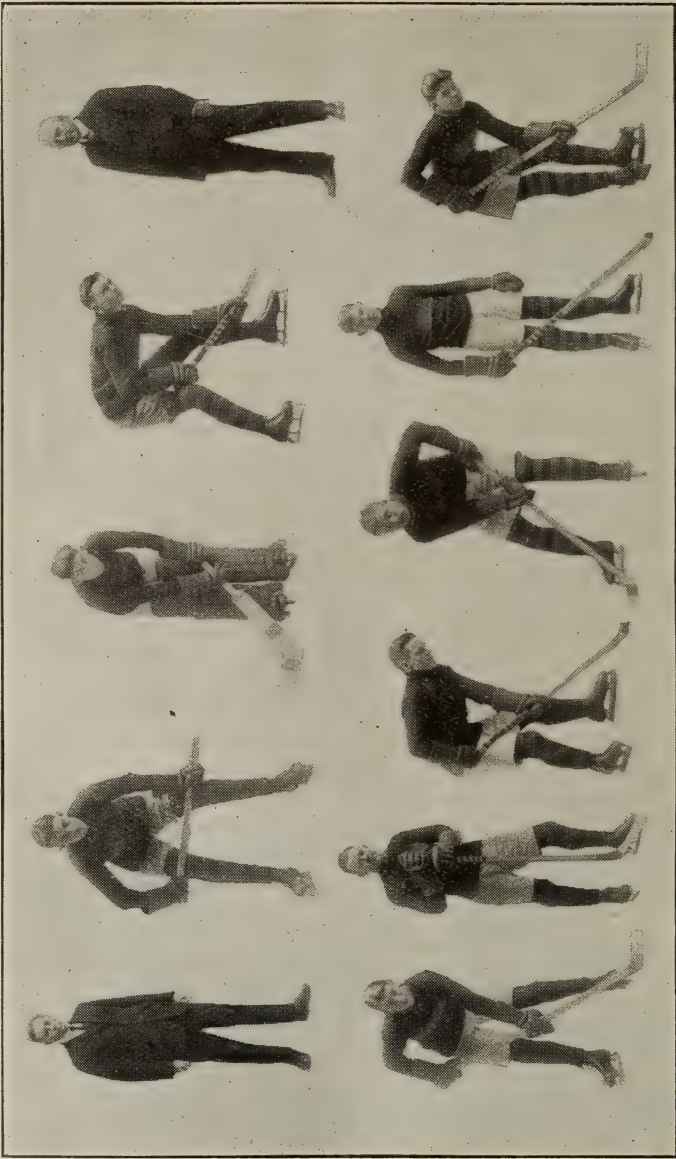
It is to be noticed that this year, practically all those girls who have spoken have obtained their 75 per cent. Keep it up, girls, and you will surely win one of those popular "Portia" pins.

The Portia Society wishes to extend its thanks to the teachers of the High School for the impartial manner in which they have judged the several debates which have been held. Especially do we wish to thank our Honorary President, Miss Moore, for her faithful and untiring efforts on our behalf.

THE STUDENTS' AGRICULTURAL AND SCIENCE CLUB OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

A well-attended meeting of the club was held in the Library on Monday, February 27th. The members were charmed with a recitation by Laurine Gibson, entitled "Problems of an Inventor's Wife." In contrast to this, Mr. Hallwright delighted the audience with an exposition concerning the more salient principles in Dr. Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

After Mr. Hallwright had taken his seat, President Smurthwaite closed the meeting by drawing attention to the need of committees to consider the various activities of the organization.



—Frost's Studio

Mr. Cranston (Manager)	Bal. Straith	Cliff Geiger	Cecil Allen	Mr. Cook (Coach)
Fred Kenny	Barley Humber	Prec Moody	Homer Caviness	Don Maclean
				Walt Rennie



IN OUR yearly programme of athletic activities, we have now reached a point from which we may profitably review what we have so far accomplished, and also, what is more important still, look ahead to what we are yet to achieve in our endeavors. At this juncture it might well be said, let not the zeal of future efforts be dampened by any previous defeats. The showing that has been made so far, in all branches of sport, is indeed a creditable one for the school. What if there are no championships to our credit? There is still the opportunity. There remains the one and important primary factor of all athletics—to build a strong body and mind to perfect development and health; and this has been constantly in play.

But the lamentable fact remains—so very few are the fortunate individuals who take advantage of the wonderful facilities for sport and recreation this institution affords. Everyone admires and sincerely envies the grace, ease and executive ability of the trained athlete. Why not belong to this envied class? And young ladies, remember you are on the threshold of a new era in the extent of your activities. The day of the rose-leaf, stay-at-home, faint-at-will damsel is giving way to the vigorous, keen, athletic girl of the 20th Century. Why not be in style?

ICE HOCKEY

With the change of the season, the prominence of rugby gave way, and ice hockey came to the fore.

The High School can boast of a fine team, many of our stalwarts being puck-chasers on several city teams besides the High.

Many interesting and decidedly exciting games were played in the City League and between schools. The most important game of the season for V.H.S. was that played in Vancouver against the Vancouver High School champions. This encounter was, without doubt, the best yet, and, as seen from the side lines, follows:

V. H.S. vs. KING GEORGE HIGH SCHOOL

This, undoubtedly, the finest hockey encounter of the year, in which every player proved his ability, grit and sportsmanship, resulted in a win for the Mainland boys by a score of three to two.

We had the best of the game up to the end of the second period, our tactics being new to the King George squad, and our men working their hardest, every ounce of energy in the play. Vancouver tallied first, Henderson finding a way through the steady Victoria defence, but Fred Kenny made up for this primary set-back and slipped a hot one past Barr, the Vancouver goal-tender. The second period passed without either team being able to score. Maclean, of King George, tallied the second time for the home team in the third period, and almost immediately our forwards woke up and flew to the attack. Cecil Allen slapped a rebound from Moody's stick for the tying goal, and the remainder of the period was scoreless. Two five-minute periods of over-time play, in which neither team could be said to have an advantage tested the players' endurance and stamina, and by nothing more than sheer good fortune Henderson, of Vancouver, skated through the whole of the Victoria defence and scored, two minutes before the whistle.

Every man of our team is worthy of special mention, but Cliff Geiger, the net defender, played a cool, capable game, that could not be beaten by any amateur living, and those that witnessed his efforts will remember his attitude that went so far in keeping the players together. Prec Moody and Fred Kenny, the two fast forwards who did such good work, easily paralleled any man of the opposing team, while Straith, that ever-dependable defence man, terrified the attackers by his headlong checking methods.

Too much could not be said in praise of the efforts of our players and their worthy coach and manager, Mr. Cook and Mr. Cranston, respectively. Maclean, Humber, Allen, Renny and Caviness all played a game that will be long remembered by their friends, supporters and opponents alike.

SOCCKER

Faculty vs. Students

The greatest event of the sport season, if one may judge by the support received, was the soccer game of Thursday, March 16th, between Faculty and Students.

The familiar school campus presented a very unusual spectacle with the countless thousands of enthusiastic supporters of the respective teams. From the starting whistle the atmosphere became surcharged with the excitement and intensity of the moment. The students started down the field, and a seemingly inevitable score was frustrated by the miraculous save of Mr. Hamilton, who was keeping company with the goal-posts at the Faculty's end of the field. At this stage of the fracas Major Harvey showed his wonderful ability as a full-back, at times nearly scoring on his opponents with goal kicks at his own end of the campus. Despite this fine work the students swarmed around the net once more and some very close scrapes were encountered by the Faculty defence. Then Mr. Harry Smith

seemed to hypnotize the ball and fairly flew down the field, but was out-witted by Champion, the Students' contender in the net, who certainly lived up to his name in this game. After 15 minutes of gruelling play Wade scored for the Students, and three minutes later Moffat proceeded down the field in his peculiar ambling motion and placed the ball between the posts. At the kick-off Mr. Rush came to the fore and remained in the limelight for the rest of the game by reason of his fine work.

Anthony played a stellar game on the defence for the school, with some fine saves to his credit. After Dunn had registered a further tally for the Students, McMillen scored the Faculty's lone counter on a penalty awarded because certain members of the school team could not refrain from playing rugby.

It was in the next stage of the game the unselfish sportsmanship of the Faculty players manifested itself. One member of that aggregation, probably feeling it would seem a discredit to defeat the young students by too wide a margin, proceeded to swell their score by sending a terrific shot through his own goal.

For the remainder of the tussel the ball swept constantly from one end of the field to the other, and some fine combined plays were displayed, both sides sharing the honors. The final score stood 7-1 in favor of the Students. The teams were:

Faculty—Major Wilby, Major Harvey, Capt. Boyd and Messrs. Harry Smith, Rush, Hallright, Hamilton, Whittemore, Taylor, Ryan, Waddington and McMillen.

Students—Champion, McCallum, Anthony, Shanks, McLennan, Crawford, Kenny, Dunn, Moffat, Geiger and Wade.

It may be said in passing that, apart from the sport and recreation derived from such games as these, they go far towards promoting good fellowship between faculty and students. There is the opportunity of the student meeting his tutors on common ground and to see that they have some thoughts of the student outside the school-room. We would like to see more such games.

BASKETBALL

In the inter-class games, both girls and boys, some exceedingly fine matches have been played. The competition between rival classes is very keen and some very good games are still expected before the schedule is completed.

The two senior teams of the school, namely, the Girls and the Boys, have been doing much to uphold the tradition of the school. This may especially be said of the girls, as so far, in a long schedule of games, they have not yet suffered one defeat. A glimmering of their prowess as basketball stars was brought to light on the night of Wednesday, March 22nd, in their encounter with the Duncan High

School girls. Though the score was most decisive, 50-2, in favor of Victoria, the speed and scientific playing displayed was indeed a credit to both teams; the superior shooting ability of the V.H.S. girls being the determining factor of the larger score.

On the same evening, the Boys Senior Team defeated the Nanaimo High School, 26-18. This was the second visit of this team, and on each occasion our boys have been successful. This game was a veritable whirlwind, especially so in the second half, as the up-Islanders put on a great burst of speed, which introduced a good deal of "pep" to the final few minutes of play. This victory gained the V.H.S. the honor of competing with the Mainland for the Thompson Cup, which we trust they will carry home to lie gathering dust in the future years on the shelves of the Victoria High School.

THE WHITE DEATH

A quavering howl sounds over the snow
And is borne by the plaintive wind,
And a distant yap comes answering back
From the dog-team left behind.

And the lone man pauses, and grasps the stock
Of his rifle, with fingers blue.
Alone, cast forth, in the wild, wild north;
And God! but his shells were few.

For he is mad, gone raving mad
With the blindness of the snow,
And his only sight is perpetual night
And a kind of flickering glow.

He's lost his way in the drifts today,
And he's strayed from the beaten trail,
And his huskies few have left him too
For his tongue is his only flail.

And nearer now comes the voice of Death,
The howl of a starving pack,
And the dreadful scream of a wolverine
Which follows the wild wolves' track.

Now a silence falls, and the end is near,
A single shot in the darkness dim;
And the silent North sends her hunters forth
To gather the wanderer in.

G. VINCENT (Metric C)



THE first meeting of the new year was held in the library on January 19th. The programme consisted of four short speeches, which were very much enjoyed by the audience. Fletcher's speech on the "Manufacture of Pianos" headed the list, and was loudly applauded by the highly-interested audience. The next item was a talk on "Why Our Winters Are Getting Shorter," by C. Dibble. Ozard followed with a talk on "The History and Manufacture of Sulphuric Acid." Both of these speeches were very entertaining as well as instructive. Cunningham's speech on "Radio-Telegraphy" concluded the afternoon's programme.

The second meeting was held on January 26th, President Cunningham occupying the chair. The members of the society had a treat in the form of a lecture on "Schools of Other Lands," by Mr. Rush. After a very pleasant afternoon a vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Rush and the meeting adjourned.

The third meeting of the year, held on February 9th, was one of the most important of the session. It took the form of an inter-class debate between Div. 8 and the Junior Technical Class. The subject was "Resolved That it is in the Best Interests of Canada to Exclude Asiatics." Fletcher and McKay, on the affirmative, represented Div. 8, while Ferguson and Bailey, on the negative, upheld the Junior Technicals.

The judges, Messrs. Farr and Cornett, awarded the decision to the affirmative. A vote of thanks was extended to the judges. After the longest debate in the history of Beta Delta, the meeting adjourned at 5:15.

The fourth meeting of the year took place on February 16th, taking the form of short speeches. Vincent began a very enjoyable programme by giving a talk on "War Conditions and Experiences in England." After his speech Coddington and Montaldi spoke on "Astronomy" and "Rare Stamps" respectively.

The fifth meeting was held on March 2nd, the elections taking place. The elected officers are: President, F. Lewis; Vice-President, Ferguson; Secretary, G. Knox; Treasurer, W. Grant.

Pillar moved, and McKay seconded, a motion thanking the retiring executive for its good work during the past season. The motion passed unanimously. Smith then delivered a speech on "The Origin of Games." Stonier followed with a talk on "Coal Mining in England." The meeting then adjourned.

That Prelim's Letter Home

Dere Maw:—

I am a big boy now. How are yew? My shirt is pretty old. I go to Hi skool. I got passed on rekomendashun. I got passed ither becus I wuz good enuff for Hi or else mi teecher got tired of me for 4 years. I think it wuz becus I am clever, cus my teecher here sed I wood be a good stewdent if I wus in kindergarten. I need a knew shirt. We had Xmus exams. I failed in a few subjecks. Among them wus maths., french, English, civics, science, drawing, etc. They sell shirts down town. I lern grammer and spellin. I am very good in these subjecks. They had a dollar day. I don't like French. I don't see how the poor French kids lerns it. They had 25c shirts. They wuz 4 for \$1. I don't like teechers. We have lots of them. Please send me some money for a shirt. Mi teechers didn't no the answers to some questions at Xmus. When I told them they sed it was rong. What did they ask me fore if they new? I am going to buy an awful flashy shirt. We got a funy book here. It is called geeometrie. I will be awful glad to get my shirt. It is all about strait lines and things. It was written by a man called Darwin. He wuz crazy. Tell Pop to send some money and I will get 2 shirts. It's got a partner which is called Algeebrer, what is fore wurking out things which is impossible. I don't like it. We got a pianner which is plaid in the morning. I like it. I will now say good bi in French: "Aoo Reeov"—I don't know that one, so I will say anuther: "bun joor."

Your son,

I. AM. HOPELESS.

P.S.—Give this letter to Sis and she will be able to lern spellin and English and French.

2 P.S.—Don't forget the shirt.

—A. E. BAILEY (Div. 2).

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Hunting for cheap things, sir," she said.

"May I come, too, my pretty maid?"

"I've got enough now, sir," she said.

* * * * *

Staff's Standardized Side-Splitters

"D'ye ken, Anne? No-o-o? Not anhydride?"

"I say, are you going to waste five dollars this June?"

* * * * *

"'Bony's deed, Bony's deed!' cried the village fool, snapping his fingers like castanets."



Conspicuous among our exchanges this year are the papers published by Canadian colleges.

From Vancouver (University of British Columbia) comes the "Ubysses," a very interesting weekly paper. Students of the V. H. S. will be pleased to learn that preparations are well under way by the Players' Club for their spring play. An English comedy, "Mr. Pim Passes By," has been chosen, and will be played in Victoria about the first of May under the auspices of the Kiwanis Club.

"Acta Victoriana," one of several papers from Toronto, has some very good articles. The Canadian Literature number is especially good. Articles by Pelham Edgar, on "Canadian Poetry" and "Maria Chapdelaine," as well as others on different phases of Canadian literature are well worth reading.

"Trinity University Review," another from Toronto, has good articles, especially that upon the St. Lawrence waterway scheme.

"McMaster's Monthly," from McMaster's University (again from Toronto) is a fairly good paper, but it seems to us that it is trying to run too much upon its reputation. A little more pep would improve it wonderfully.

Other good Canadian papers are the "Collegian," "Vox Lycei" and "St. Andrew's College Review."

And lastly comes the "Pow-Pow," the British Columbia Boy Scouts' paper, published in Victoria, and a paper which could well be patronized by all boys in the Province.

We notice in "Pebbles" (Marshalltown, Iowa) a reference to "Joan of Ark." Friend of Noah?



MATRIC A

Will no one tell me what Straith sings?
 Perhaps the throaty thunders flow
 From long-forgotten jazzed-out things,
 "Hortense," "O Sole Mio,"
 Or is it something "out last week?"
 "Ain't We Got Fun," perhaps "The Shiek."
 A baritone so rich and soft
 Could call the angels from aloft.

* * * * *

In tones of exasperation, Swannell was heard to mutter, "Oh, Watkins, you make me so mad when I'm busy playing the fool."

* * * * *

She glides—prepared to vamp us.
 She trips—out on the campus.
 She slinks—and homeward wends her way.
 Plastered with the schoolyard clay.

But then, Miss Wallace, the best of us have to acknowledge
 "There is no royal road to learning."

* * * * *

Chorus of Matric A previous to Latin exam: "Ave Caesar! Morituri te salutamus." (Miss Eldridge excepted). And what hope of success have we in Geometry when one of our members alleges that "a polygon is a dead parrot?"

MATRIC B

B stands for best, and best we are! All the teachers think so, anyway!

* * * * *

Insights into other great characters.—Miss Daniels in the lunch room: "Why, I've only had two soups, four sandwiches, two doughnuts and three pies; lend me another quarter." (We are wondering if this is the cause for the "senile decay" that Mr. Cornett has warned her of).

Humber, touring "Le Jardin des Plantes"—"and the first thing I saw was a cider."

* * * * *

Moore's heart, however, is elsewhere. To all questions in French he has but one answer: "Oui, oui, au theatre."

* * * * *

Miss Johnson, at present trying to establish a theory that all circles are not round. Interesting illustration February 23rd. Proof unsatisfactory.

* * * * *

Room 5 is an unerring example of the virtue of organization. Mr. Armstrong asks the question; Miss Stoddart draws the figures; Mr. Sprinkling does the rest.

* * * * *

Wily wit is wisdom, and often prevents a fracas—

Teacher—Give me your composition.

Student—I haven't it.

Teacher—Where is it?

Student—It isn't.

Teacher—You stay in till it be.

MATRIC C

Why, oh why, does Kilpatrick always manage to secure a back seat close to Miss T——? and why did that young lady move from her other seat to a back seat in Room 2? No doubt it will remain an unsolved mystery.

* * * * *

Our friend Shenk is, without doubt, a true geometrical line—length, but no breadth. Take Tanlac, William!

* * * * *

Homer Caviness spends many pleasant periods in Room 2 dreaming of his chosen sport, ice hockey. Homer is also somewhat of a student.

* * * * *

Dunn—the V. H. S. Rugby Team. He needs no introduction.

* * * * *

Miss Tennyson shows great promise as a rooter!

* * * * *

Our friend, "Georgie" Vincent, is an editor of The Camosun. What a life! He and Brakes are the only boys in the class who take an interest in the Beta Delta. "Great minds think alike."

* * * * *

Miss Gurney apparently has no desire to become a famous chemist like the rest of us—ahem! so she decided to take up Botany instead.

John Shaw is our class newsagent. We are also much indebted to him for an occasional outburst of shrill and unexpected laughter, which brings us back from the depths of the Aeneid and shows us someone is still happy. By the way, John has had only one nose-bleed since Christmas.

"I Ain't Nobody's Darling,"

Poor Parfitt—Shaw's shadow.

* * * * *

Lucas—Our cherubic little mascot.

Larson Wright—The Sphinx—"What thou art, we know not."

* * * * *

Wade—President of the Matric organization. A very popular person at all social functions.

* * * * *

Lore—Lore is merely an occasional visitor to this venerable institution. He favors us with his august presence for about half a day in two weeks.

* * * * *

We have suffered a great loss in the departure of Archie Clarke, that noble leader of the "agony quartette." It was Archie's delight to take command of the "squad" and parade them through the corridors from room to room. Single file, of course.

* * * * *

It might be mentioned that Parfitt and Brakes are already making preparations for their future career on the stage. Both are in the Matric play.

* * * * *

Vincent sprained his wrist writing poetry and wrenched his leg trying to kick himself afterwards.

MATRIC D

Dan Moses is so tall he has to climb a ladder to put his hat on.

* * * * *

"Oh!" said Cowan, as Miss Keith threw an ink-well at him, "Now I have an inkling of your meaning."

* * * * *

Sturgess is such a fast runner that when he runs around a corner he catches sight of his back.

* * * * *

French teacher—Hastings, what is the next sentence?

Hastings—Mind your own business.

* * * * *

McIntyre is evidently a "Maths" fiend, for in French he spelled "arretez-vous" as "a-r-r-e-t-e-z minus v-o-u-s."

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Famous sayings from three wise people:—

Miss Lake—"Oh! aspirin, sweet aspirin, my head aches for thee."

Larson—"Oh! sweet eczema, don't be so rash."

Collison—"Gosh! I'm up a telephone post, fellers."

* * * * *

First Matric (maybe Bickle)—"Will you come with me in my new yacht on a cruise to Sandy Hook?"

Second Matric (might be Miss Hanson)—"No, I'm going in a rush to far South Africa for diamonds."

* * * * *

Teacher—What is a scapegoat?

Waites—That's when a guy gets arrested and they can't catch the rest of the gang and he pulls off the cry-baby act and says they are trying to shove the whole business on him.

* * * * *

Miss Stott—Parlez-vous Francais?

Miss Hanson—Non, je parle Anglais.

* ' * * *

Miss McMillen—Can anyone describe Sinclair in seven words from "The Ancient Mariner"?

Legg—I'll have a try. How's this? "Oh, sleep! It is a gentle thing."

* * * * *

History teacher—Who were the Arkadians?

Sinclair—Noah and his family, I guess.

* * * * *

Fault Finder—I wrote you some suggestions as to how The Camosun should be run. Were they carried out?

Editor—Yes, there goes the janitor with them.

* * * * *

Teacher—Have you completed the lessons you missed?

Student—Yes, I made them up.

Teacher—It sounds like it.

* * * * *

Hastings has got it again; he has been observed wandering around the corridors mumbling, "How much nicer it is to ride in a car than to walk, than it is to walk and think how much nicer it is to ride in a car than to walk."

* * * * *

What would happen in Matric D

If Nimmo was awake?

If Miss Ramsay was not looking at the boys?

If Regan wasn't fooling?

If Miss Hanson talked in class?

If Cowan had his homework done?

If Miss Lake made a mistake in chemistry?

If Ensor didn't look lost?

If Miss Allen knew her geometry?

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JUNIOR B—DIV. 7

Wanted By—

Laurine Gibson—A real, live mouse that she can conveniently let loose in Room —.

Helen Peterson—A suggestion as to how to “bring out the thought” just as she used to do.

Alice Sandiford—The identity of “Opollo,” the skater on Carnival Night.

Elra Stady—Someone to do her lessons for her, as she hasn't the time herself.

Agnes MacLean—A more modern method of despatching billets deux to Room —.

Tommy Wachter—A perfectly good “bullet” to ride back and forth to school in.

Miss ——: A safe in which to deposit her purse.

The “Siamese Twins”—Some new scandal to discuss in Botany periods.

JUNIOR E

Division 10 wishes to extend a warm welcome to Mr. Farr, and wishes him the best of success and happiness in the school. We also welcome Mrs. Wickson and Mr. Dymond.

* * * * *

The class would like to take this opportunity in saying a formal farewell to Mr. Coates, and thanking him for his service and kindness. Mr. Coates, we wish you the best of success.

* * * * *

The school year is more than half gone and each day draws us nearer the fatal month of June. But Division 10 faces that month with a smiling countenance, for, backed by our excellent teachers and our success in the Christmas exams, we hope to get safely through without any great difficulty.

* * * * *

The class is as strong as ever, but it has lost several of its members, namely: Art Williams, Fred Zarelli, Gerry and Dick Bielby. We are sorry to see these boys go, and we wish them good luck.

DIV. 12—JUNIOR TECH.

Answers to that portentous question, “Why were you late?”

“Please, sir, Our clock was slow.”

“ “ I never left in time to allow for the wind.”

“ “ The car was late.”

“ “ My bicycle broke down.”

“ “ I missed the bus.”

“ “ I come from Saanich.”

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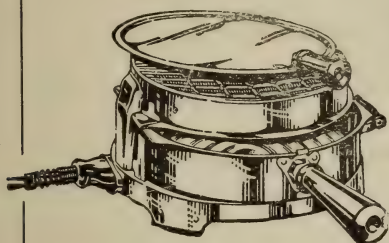
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Heard in Room 4

Carey: Please, ma'am, can a person be punished for something they didn't do?

Miss —: Why, certainly not.

Carey: Well, then, I never did my homework.

* * * * *

Signs you'll see in the near future:—

G. Anthony, expert chlorine gargler.

Bonavia & Davis, wireless instruments for sale.

W. Gardiner, suits pressed while you wait.

(If you wait long enough)

E. Anderson, expert mathematician.

H. Patrick, cartoonist de luxe.

G. Turner, professional ink swallower.

* * * * *

The Sad Adventure of G. Anthony, Detective

The Dick came climbing up the stairs

Along the hall he stole,

Crept softly down the hallway, when,

A smelly smell he smole.

"Aha," he said, "methinks this scent

Grows scenter as I pace

Towards the Chem. Laboratory,

At last I've found a clew."

He stopped outside the door and said,

"I think," and so he thunk.

A wise look then spread o'er his face,

And a wicked wink he wunk.

Inside the lab, the mystery

Was easily explained.

MnO₂ plus HCL

A bottle large contained.

The wily wise detecative

Was working on a clue;

He traced the smell into its lair,

And then he muttered "Phew,

"I'd better leave this place toot sweet!"

But ere he could take leave,

The smell had overpowered him—

All this you mayn't believe,

But if you wander to the lab.,

You'll see upon the floor

A dick, who was G. Anthony,

But who is now no more.

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PRELIM B

"Baird, hear you are going with a girl named Sonia."

"Sonia—Sonia who?"

"'Sonia rumor."

* * * * *

Parfitt thinks it's better to be born lucky than rich, and if he can safely steer through Geometry he can get through anything. (There are others).

PRELIM C—DIV. 18

Heard in corridor outside classroom No. —:

Teacher—Aren't you the boy I punished yesterday?

Boy—Ye—ye—yes—sir.

Teacher, sternly—Do you know what the Bible says about punishment?

Boy—"It is more blessed to give than to receive," sir.

* * * * *

Among the stories about Coleridge told in the English class, is the following:

* * * * *

Coleridge was well known to be a bad rider, and one day, while riding through the streets of Grasmere, he was accosted by a wit, who said: "I say, do you know what happened to Baalam?" The answer came sharp and quick: "Just what happened to me; an ass spoke to him."

PRELIM H—DIV. 23

Latest notions in hair-dressing: apply Miss P——. back seat of Room 19. New modes daily.

* * * * *

McLernan—Felix needs to be well taken care of; he's our only pet Sinn Feiner.

* * * * *

We fear Miss Penzer is greatly ahead of her time. She answers to the name of "Dodd" already.

* * * * *

Miss Tripp—Audrey is slowly improving by the vamping lessons given by E. Gillam daily between the hours of 9:15 and 3:15.

* * * * *

Jones—Art is our most brilliant soloist. More magnificent than a nightingale is his voice.

* * * * *

Miss Impey has a budding passion springing forth. We find she takes spins on her bike (for the good of her health?).

* * * * *

Miss Bradford (the new student)—Mona proves to be most witty (?) and certainly very clever.

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